and beauty, charm away the hours; and of

summer-day recreations, beneath the vine-

wedded elms of the Tiber, or on the breezy

slopes of Soracte, yet I seldom read them with-

out a feeling of sadness. A low wail of inap-

peasable sorrow, an undertone of dirges, min-

gles with his gay melodies. His immediate

horizon is bright with sunshine; but beyond is a

land of darkness, the light whereof is darkness

It is walled about by the everlasting Night

The skeleton sits at his table: a shadow of

the inevitable Terror rests upon all his pleasant

pictures. He was without God in the world :

he had no clear abiding hope in a life beyond

that which was hastening to a close. Eat and

drink, he tells us, enjoy present health and

competence, alleviate present evils or forget

them, in social intercourse, in wine, music, and

sensual indulgence, for to-morrow we must die!

Death was in his view no mere change of con-

dition and relation, it was the black end of all.

It is evident that he placed no reliance on the

the fables of the Elysian Fields, and their dim

and wandering ghosts, simply in the light of

convenient poetic fictions for illustration and

magery. Nothing can, in my view, be sadder

than his attempts at consolation for the loss of

friends. Witness his Ode to Virgil, on the

death of Quintillius. He tells his illustrious

hope, irretrievable, and eternal: that it is idle

to implore the gods to restore the dead, and

mythology of his time, and that he regarded .

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THE LOPEZ EXPEDITION-OFFICIAL CORRES-PONDENCE, ETC.

The National Intelligencer publishes the offi-cial correspondence relating to the Lopez expedition, and growing out of it. It occupies nearly fifteen solid columns; but we shall save our renders the trouble of wading through it, by giving a very brief sketch of its contents, pre senting such portions as we may have occasi

1 Instructions, dated August 23, to Com modore Parker, from Mr. Derrick, Acting Secretary of State, to proceed to Havana, to inquire into the facts of the invasion of Cuba, the execution of the fifty prisoners, the firing into the steamer Falcon, and to represent to the Captain General, that while the Government is doing and will do all it can to prevent lawless expeditions from its territory, it earnestly desires that if any American citizens. forgetful of their duty, should be caught in arms, they may not be-punished, except upon

Thereto Stone Carine Webster, dated September 6, 1851. He had arrived at Havana, September 4th, and obtained an interview with the Captain General, who stated that the prisoners had been captured on the Cayes of the island; that he considered them pirates, and they had been so deemed in the proclamation of the President of the United States; that they had been tried in a summary manner, and full proof made of their guilt, and of their participation in the invasion of Lopez. He hid not consider himself at liberty to furnish a copy of the proceedings of the trial. As to the matter of the Falcon, in the present conright to ascertain the character of merchant vessels in the waters of Spain. The cruiser had fired at first three unshotted guns, to leeward, and then the Falcon taking no notice, the firing of the shotted gun became necessary. The Commodore was unable to obtain permission to visit the prisoners.

3. A letter from the same to the same September 12th. It seems from this, that the Secretary of the Navy, in his instructions of the 23d of August, had informed the Commoment of State his appointment as Special Commissioner. No such appointment was sent but presuming the omission was owing to an inadvertence, he announced himself to the Captain General as Special Commissioner. That officer, stating that he had no diplomatic powers, refused to receive him as such, but simply communicated with him as a Comm dore in the United States navy. In this letter he says he could find no American citizen who was an eye-witness of the execution of the prisoners; and that "a great many conflicting reports are in circulation as regards the mutilation of the bodies after death."

Here follows a hiatus, filled up with aste isks, showing that a portion of his letter is suppressed, from which we infer that there too much truth in the stories circulated of the brutal treatment of the remains of the unfor-

4. A letter from the same to the same, date September 25th. The chief point in this communication is a suggestion that, had any on been authorized by the Federal Govern to state to the Government of Cuba that the violence at New Orleans was a mere unpre meditated outbreak of a mob, that it was no in accordance with the sentiments of the citi zens, and was deeply regretted by the Government, &c., the condition of the prisoners would have been much meliorated, and perhaps they might have been released.

The mob occurred on the 21st of August the communication of Commodore Parker is dated September 25th. It was the duty of our Government, the moment it heard of the outbreak at New Orleans, to send a despatch to the Government of Cuba, disavowing and de nouncing the violence, so as to counteract the effect it was calculated to produce in Cuba All this time the Secretary of State was ab sent from Washington, and no communication appears to have been made by the State Department to Commodore Parker.]

5. A communication from M. Calderon, Span ish Minister, dated August 26. calling the attention of the Government to the mob at New Orleans, and the outrage on the Spanish

tary of State to the United States District Attorney at New Orleans, directing him to ascer

tain the facts concerning the mob, and to prose

Secretary of State, earnestly calling the atten tion of the Government to the subject. 8. August 30. The Acting Secretary State to M. Calderon, informing him of th

measures taken by the Government. 9. September 5. M. Calderon to Acting Sec retary of State, submitting a detailed account of the outrages at New Orleans demanding

satisfaction, indemnification, and security. 10. A letter dated September 25th, from th District Attorney at New Orleans, containing a statement of the acts of the mob, and en

closing also a full statement by the Mayor. The public is already acquainted with the particulars of this disgraceful affair. It may

not be so generally known that the Spanish Consul was at no time in personal danger, and his sudden flight from New Orleans was rather intended, we presume, for dramatic effect.

11. October 14. M. Calderon to the Departent of State acting under instruction from the Spanish Government, and demanding, in strong terms, "full satisfaction for the aggracated insult committed upon the Spanish fla and upon her Majesty's Consul at New Orleans; and also that the Spaniards residing in that city shall be indemnified."

12. The reply of Mr. Webster, Novemb 13, in which he compliments the zeal and fidelity to his country, of M. Calderon, denounces in strong terms the outrages at New Orle sul, and assures the Minister that the Spanlards residing in New Orleans, while they

being at liberty to find their remedy in due course of law. He closes as follows:

"In conclusion, the undersigned has to say, that if Mr. Laborde shall return to his post, or any other Consul for New Orleans shall be appointed by her Catholic Majesty's Governnt, the officers of this Government, resident in that city, will be instructed to receive and treat him with courtesy, and with a national salute to the flag of his ship, if he shall arrive in a Spanish vessel, as a demonstration of respect, such as may signify to him and to his Government the sense entertained by the Government of the United States of the gross injustice done to his predecessor by a lawless mob, as well as the indignity and insult offered by it to a foreign State with which the United States are, and wish ever to remain, on terms

Webster, expressing the confident hope that the reply of the latter will prove entirely satisfactory to the Spanish Government, and have the effect of re-establishing the friendly relations momentarily interrupted.

14. Letter to M. Calderon, by the Acting Secretary of State, and to Mr. Barringer, our Minister at Madrid, from the same and from Mr. Webster, soliciting lenient treatment and pardon for the prisoners sent to Spain.

15. Letter from Mr. Derrick, Acting Secre tary of State, dated September 29th, to Mr. Owen, American Consul at Havana, announ eing to him the anxious desire of the President to receive from him a fuller statement of

He had which had been confidently expected from

This letter was written after the public indignation had been aroused against Mr. Owen, on account of his criminal apathy.

We have next the documents relating to the orders issued to the French and British squadrons, to protect Cuba against attempts at in-

16. Memorandum of a conversation between Mr. Crampton and Mr. Crittenden, Acting Secretary of State, September 27th. The British Government had heard with regret of the Lopez expedition ; did not doubt that the dition of the island a Spanish cruiser had a United States Government would use all possible diligence to prevent and punish such proceedings. "But her Majesty's Government deem

due to the frankness which ought to characterize the intercourse between the two Governments, to state to that of the United States that her Majesty's ships of war on the West Indian station will have orders to prevent by force any adventurers of any nation from

At another interview, on the 6th of October, President to express his regret that such orders should have been deemed necessary.

"So far as they have reference to lawless of Cuba, apprehended from citizens of the Uni-ted States, it is only necessary to say that such expeditions are forbidden by the laws of this Republic, and that its Government is able and determined to execute those laws. Evasions of them may occur, in spite of the utmost vigilance and energy; such instances are common to the laws of all countries. It is only ov stealth and by favor of rare and accidental reumstances, that any such expeditions can or magnitude to create any serious apprehen-sion for the safety of Cuba, and certainly none against which Spain herself is not abundantly able to protect that island.

"The Government of the United States, al-

vays determined, in perfect good faith, to naintain its neutral relations, and perform all its national obligations, condemns as strongly as the British Government the lawless enter-prises against which the orders in question appear to be directed, and the Government the United States, equally with the British Government, desires their prevention or sup-

But, just and desirable as that end may be the President could not witness, without con-cern, any attempt to accomplish such an object by means which might eventually lead to en-eroachments on the rights of the People of the United States.

"The President is of opinion that, so far as re-

lates to this Republic and its citizens, such an interference as would result from the execution those orders, if admitted to be rightful in themselves, would nevertheless be practically inju-rious in its consequences, and do more harm than good. Their execution would be the exercise of a sort of police over the seas in our immediate vicinity, covered as they are with our ships and our citizens; and it would involve, moreover, to some extent, the exercise of a juris-diction to determine what expeditions were of the character denounced, and who were th

guilty adventurers engaged in them.

"The President cannot but apprehend that such orders could not be carried into effect without leading too probably, to abuses and might seriously disturb, that peace and good will which he sincerely desires to see cultivated and made perpetual between the United State

more at present on the subject of these orders, than to add the expression of his hope that there may never arise any occasion for carrying

17. November 12. Mr. Crampton enclose o Mr. Webster the following communication

"FOREIGN OFFICE, October 22, 1851 "Sir: I have received your despatch, No. 29, of the 6th instant, and I have to acquaint you that her Majesty's Government approve the course pursued by you in communicating to the Government of the United States the orders issued by her Majesty's Government to the commander-in-chief of her Majesty's ships in

commander-in-chief of her Majesty's ships in the West Indies, respecting the prevention of lawless expeditions against Cuba. "If you should have any future correspond-ence with the Secretary of State of the United States on this subject, you may assure him that every care will be taken that, in executing those preventive measures against the expeditions opersons whom the United States Government itself has denounced as not being entitled the protection of any Government, no interference shall take place with the lawful commerce of any nation. I am, &c., PALMERSTON.

"John F. Crampton, Esq., &c."

[The British and American Government might take very different views of what constituted interference. This note from Lord Palnerston is very unsatisfactory.]

18. Mr. Crittenden (October 22) to M. Sar tiges, French Minister, enlarging upon the Mr. Crittenden:

e people of this country are naturally jealou European interference in American affaired although they would not impute to France

Claim no demnification from the GovernSTREET, OPPOSITE OUD FELLOWS' HALL.

TERMS.

TERMS.

Design at liberty to find their remedy in due that her intervention in this instance, if at tempted to be executed in the only practicable mode for its effectual execution, could not fail to produce some irritation, if not worse conse-quences. The French cruisers, sailing up and down the shores of the United States, to per-

form their needless task of protecting Cuba and their ungracious office of watching the people of this country, as if they were fruitful of piracies, would be regarded with some feelings of resentment, and the flag which they bore—a flag that should always be welcome to the sight of Americans—would be looked at as casting a shadow of unremitted and dishonoring suspicion upon them and their Government.

"The undersigned will add, that all expe-

rience seems to prove that the rights, interests, and peace of the continents of Europe and America will be best preserved by the forbearance of each to interfere in the affairs of the other. The Government of the United States has constantly acted on that principle, and has never intermeddled in European questions."

19. M. Sartiges, October 27th, acknowledges with great pleasure the kind feeling nanifested in the communication of the Acting Secretary of State, and endeavors to remove misapprehension

"Mr. de Sartiges had endeavored to establish, in a distinct manner, the two following Government of the Republic were spontaneous and isolated; secondly, that those instruc-tions were exclusive, for an exclusive case, and applicable only to the class, and not to the naionality of any pirate or adventurer that should his own course than he had yet given, and ing laws in regard to the right of search—laws ourselves ever to give them much of an ideal charting that the Decident Colt no little embar about which the susceptibilities of the French of that industry and energy which is necessary

> structions which have been issued to the comonly intended to apply to a case of piracy the article of the maritime code in force concern-

> The other portion of the letter of the French Minister deserving special attention is the fol-

"The undersigned has likewise the honor of reminding the Acting Secretary of State that the territories belonging to the various European Powers, either on the seas or on the American Continent, are considered by the States to which they appertain as constituting part of the system of their general policy. France has never admitted that her possessions in the Antilles might enjoy any other political rights than those which are universally recognised in Europe; it is the same with England the same with Spain in regard to their American possessions. It is in virtue of this princi-ple of common law, which no Power has as yet repudiated, either on its own account or in be-half of its neighbors, that the Government of the Republic has been able to show the interest it feels, as it has done, for the security of an island recognised as Spanish territory by treaties actually in force, which security has been threatened in the midst of universal

rent the undersigned from acknowledging that the interest which a country feels for another is naturally increased by reason of proximity and his Government, which understands the complicated nature as well as the importance of the relations existing between the United States and Cuba, has seriously considered the declaration formerly made by the Government of the United States, and which has been renewed on this occasion, 'that that Government could not see with indifference the island of Cuba pass from the hands of Spain into those another European State. The French Gov ernment is likewese of opinion that in case is should comport with the interests of Spain at some future day to part with Cuba, the possession of that island, or the protectorship of the same, ought not to fall upon any of the great maritime Powers of the world."

This is intended to exclude the United States as the United States has already attempted to exclude Great Britain and France.

THE COMPROMISE A FINALITY

During the debate in the Senate on the 8th nst., on Mr. Foote's resolution declaring the Compromise a final settlement of the Slavery uestion, Mr. Foote announced his intention of eturning to the Senate. Mr. Butler regarded the resolution as unwise and unnecessary. Mr. Foote defended his resolution, and stated that the South had gained by the passage of the Territorial bills for Utah and New Mexico. without the Wilmot Proviso : that slave States are allowed to spring up hereafter in the territory purchased from Texas, where before this plan of settlement it was impossible for any but free States to exist; and in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law, he said:

"It is also not forgotten by me, and I hope that this particular act would have been passed by the two Houses of Congress at a much ear-lier period of the session before the last than it was but for the fact that it was not deemed politic by certain Southern Senators, who had special charge of the subject to report a bill for the recaption and restoration of fugitives from service, until it should be ascertained that ject of domestic slavery were likely to be satisfactorily disposed of in Congress. The Senate will remember my former exposition of this matter here, and cannot have forgotten my tatement of an important matter of fact con-nected with this delicate point, when I declared in hearing of honorable Senators from the South, who could not deny the truth of what I said, that the honorable Senator from Michigan, [Mr. Cass.] and other Senators from the States [Mr. Cass.] and other Senators from the States of the North, now present, and whom I could easily name, requested me to see the Senator from Virginia, [Mr. Mason.] and the Senator from South Carolina, to whom I am now replying, at a very early day of the session then in progress, and to urge upon them both the importance of their reporting a bill without delay, which, when it should become a law, would secure full justice to the South in regard to fugitives from service, pledging themselves to vote tives from service, pledging themselves to vote for any bill which should be thus reported, which should be free from constitutional

ana and Gen. Cass urged him to have the bill reported at an early day. We beg our readers to note this statement. Gen. Cass, it will be seen, urged that the Fugitive Slave Bill should be reported at an early day, pledging himself "to vote for any bill which should be thus reported." Mr. Whitcomb, who was elected as a Proviso man, also urged that the bill should be introduced. The names of the "other Senators from the States of the North" who united in this recommendation are not given, and we regret that Mr. Foote failed to disclose them. It may be that other Presidential aspirants were engaged in this business, and it would be gratifying to the North to know all the individuals engaged in inflicting upon them that beneficent measure, the Fugitive Slave Law.

JOHN B. THOMPSON (Whig) has been elected United States Senator by the Kentucky Legis-

No priest or bishop of the Catholic church the United States holds slaves

For the National Era.

COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

CHAPTER XXVII-Continued. "Well, are you going to do differently ow!" said Miss Ophelia. God only knows the future Clare. "I am braver than I was, because I have lost all; and he who has nothing to lose can afford all risks."

And what are you going to do? "My duty, I hope, to the poor and lowly, as fast as I find it out," said St. Clare, "beginning with my own servants, for whom I have yet done nothing; and perhaps at some fiture day it may appear that I can do something for a whole class—something to save my country from the disgrace of that false position in

"Do you suppose it parible that a nation ever will voluntarily emanoipate?" said Miss

"I don't know," said St. Clare. "This is a day of great deeds. Heroism and disinterestedness are rising up here and there in the earth. The Hungarian nobles set free millions of serfs, at an immense pecuniary loss; and perhaps among us may be found generous spirits who do not estimate honor and justice

"I hardly think so," said Miss Ophelia "But, suppose we should rise up to-morrow and emancipate, who would educate these mil-lions and teach them how to use their freedom? attempt to land in arms on the shores of a They never would rise to do much among us friendly Power. He had added, that the exist-

order to repel violence by force; since the instructions which have been issued to the comtion and elevation? You send thousands of dollars to foreign missions; but could you en-dure to have the heathen sent into your towns and villages, and give your time and thoughts and money to raise them to the Christian standard? That's what I want to know. If we emancipate, are you willing to educate? in a negro man and woman, teach them, bear with them, and seek to make them Christians? How many merchants would take Adolph, if I wanted to make him a clerk—or mechanics, if I wanted him taught a trade. If I wanted to put Jane and Maria to a school, how many chools are there in Northern States that would ake them in? how many families that would board them? and yet they are as white av many a woman, North or South? You see, cousin, I want justice done us. We are in a bad position. We are the more obvious oppressors of the negro, but the unchristian pre-udices of the North is an oppressor almost

equally severe." Ophelia-"I know it was so with me till I saw that it was my duty to overcome it; but I self-denial to receive heathen among to send missionaries to them, but I think we

"You would, I know." said St. Clare. like to see anything you wouldn't do if you thought it your duty."

"Well Pre not uncompany good." said Miss Ophelia. "Others would if they saw

things as I do. I intend to take Topsy home when I go. I suppose our folks will wonder at first, but I think they will be brought to see as first, but I think they was the many people I do. Besides, I know there are many people what you said." at the North who do exactly what you so "Yes, but they are a minority; and if we should begin to emancipate to any extent, we

Miss Ophelia did not reply. There was a pause of some moments; and St. Clare's untenance was overcast by a sad, dreamy

I don't know what makes me think of my mother so much to-night," he said. "I have a strange kind of feeling, as if she were near me. keep thinking of things she used to say Strange what brings these past things so vivid

y back to us sometimes."
St. Clare walked up and down the room for ome minutes more, and then said—
"I believe I'll go down street a few mo nd hear the news to-night.

He took his hat and passed out. Tom followed him to the passage, out ourt, and asked if he should attend him.

"No, my boy," said St. Clare. "I shall back in an hour."

Tom sat down in the verandah. It was beautiful moonlight evening, and he sat watching the rising and falling spray of the fountain. and listening to its murmur. Tom thought of his home, and that he should soon be a free man, and able to return to it at will. He and boys. He felt the muscles of his brawny arms with a sort of joy, as he thought they would soon belong to himself, and how much they could do to work out the freedom of his family. Then he thought of his noble young master, and ever second to that came the habitual prayer that he had always offered for the angels; and he thought till he almost fan-cied that that bright face and golden hair were looking upon him, out of the spray of the fountain. And, so musing, he fell asleep, and dreamed he saw her coming bounding wreath of jessamine in her hair, her check bright, and her eyes radiant with delight; but as he looked, she seemed to rise from the ground—her cheeks wore a paler hue—her eyes had a deep, divine radiance—a golden halo seemed around her head—and she vanish-ed from his sight; and Tom was wakened by

voices and heavy tread came several men, bringing a body, wrapped in a cloak and lying on a shutter. The light of the lamp fell full on the face, and Tom gave a wild cry of amazement and despair that rung through all the galleries, as the men advanced with their burden to the open parlor door, where Miss Ophelia still sat knitting!

St. Clare had turned into a café to look over an evening paper. As he was reading, an af-fray arose between two gentlemen in the room, who were both partially intoxicated. St. Clare and one or two others made an effort to sepa-rate them, and St. Clare received a fatal stab in the side with the bowie-knife which he was

attempting to wrest from one of them. The house was full of cries and lamer the room, his eyes travelling wistfully every object, and finally they rested or

he applied himself to dressing the wound, and he and Miss Ophelia and Tom proceeded com-posedly with this work, amid the lamentations and sobs and cries of the affrighted servants, who had clustered about the doors and win-dows of the verandah.

"Now," said the physician, "we must turn all these creatures out; all depends on his

on the distressed beings whom Miss Ophelia and the Doctor were trying to urge from the apartment. "Poor creatures!" he said, and an expression of bitter self-reproach passed over his face. Adolph absolutely refused to go. Terror had deprived him of all presence of mind; he threw himself along on the floor, and nothing could persuade him to rise. The rest yielded to Miss Ophelia's urgent repre-sentations, that their master's safety depended

on their stillness and obedience. St. Clare could say but little; he lay with is eyes shut, but it was evident that he wrestled with bitter thoughts. After a while, he laid his hand on Tom's who was kneeling be-

side him, and said, "Tom! poor fellow!"

"What, mass'r?" said Tom, earnestly.

"I am dying!" said St. Clare, pressing his

again to Tom, more earnestly, "pray!"

And Tom did pray, with all his moud and strength, for the soul that was passing—the soul that seemed looking so steadily and mournfully from those those large, melancholy blu eyes. It was literally prayer offered with trong crying and tears.

When Tom ceased to speak, St. Clare reach

ed out and took his hand, looking earnestly at him, but saying nothing. He closed his eyes, but still retained his hold—for in the gates of eternity the black hand and the white hold each other with an equal clasp. He murmur ed softly to himself, at broken intervals-

" Recordare Jesu pie— No me perdas—ille die It was evident that the words he had been

"His mind is wandering," said the Doctor. "No! it is coming HOME at last!" said Clare, energetically; at last! at last!"

The effort of speaking exhausted him. The sinking paleness of death fell on him-but with it there fell, as if shed from the wings of some pitying spirit, a beautiful expression of peace, like that of a wearied child who sleeps. So he lay for a few moments. They saw tha

the mighty hand was on him. Just before the spirit parted, he opened his eyes with a sudden light, as of joy and recognition, and said, "Mother!" and then he was gone!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We hear often of the distress of the negro ervants, on the loss of a kind master; and with good reason, for no creature on God's earth is left more utterly unprotected and desolate, than the slave in these circumstances.

The child who has lost a father has still the protection of friends, and of the law; he is something, and can do something-has acknowledged rights and position; the slave has none. The law regards him as in every respect as de-void of rights as a bale of merchandise. The that it was my duty to overcome it; but I trust I have overcome it; and I know there are many good people at the North who in this creature, which are given to him, comes to him matter need only to be taught what their duty through the sovereign and irresponsible will of

> use wholly irresponsible power humanely and generously, is small. Everybody knows this; and the slave knows it best of all; so that he feels that there are ten chances of his find-ing an abusive and tyrannical master, to one of his finding a considerate and kind one Therefore is it that the wail over a kind master is loud and long, as well it may be.

When St. Clare breathed his last, terror and consternation took hold of all his household. He had been stricken down so in a moment, in the flower and strength of his youth. Every room and gallery of the house resounded with such and brigher of downs.

obs and shrieks of despair. Marie, whose nervous system had been ener vated by a constant course of self-indulgence, had nothing to support the terror of the shock, and, at the time her husband breathed his last, was passing from one fainting fit to another and he to whom she had been joined in the mysterious tie of marriage, passed from her for ever, without the possibility of even a parting

Miss Ophelia, with characteristic strength and self-control, had remained with her kins man to the last-all eye, all ear, all attentiondone, and joining with her whole soul in the tender and impassioned prayers which the poor slave had poured forth for the soul of his dying master.

When they were arranging him for his last

rest, they found upon his bosom a small, plain miniature case, opening with a spring. It was face, and on the reverse, under a crystal, a lock of dark hair. They laid them back on the lifeless breast, dust to dust, poor mournfu relics of early dreams, which once made that

cold heart beat so warmly.

Tem's whole soul was filled with thoughts of eternity; and while he ministered around the lifeless clay, he did not once think that the He felt at peace about his master, for in that hour when he had poured forth his prayer into the bosom of his Father, he had found an answer of quietness and assurance springing up within himself. In the depths of his own something of the fullness of Divine love; old gracle bath thus written-"He that dwell eth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

But the funeral passed, with all its pageant of black crape and prayers, and solemn fuces; and back rolled the cool, muddy waves of every-day life; and up came the everlasting hard

It rose to the mind of Marie, as dres oose morning robes, and surrounded by anxious servants, she sat up in a great easy chair, and inspected samples of crape and bombazine. It rose to Miss Ophelia, who began to turn her thoughts towards her Northern home. It rose in silent terrors to the minds of the servants, who well knew the unfeeling, tyrannical character of the mistress, in whose which had been accorded to them were not from their mistress, but from their master; and that now he was gone, there would be no screen between them and every tyrannous infliction which a temper soured by affliction might

It was about a fortnight after the funeral that Miss Ophelia, busied one day in her apartment, heard a gentle tap at the door. She opened it, and there stood Rosa, the pretty young quadroon, whom we have before often noticed, her hair in disorder, and her eyes

swelled with crying.

"Oh, Miss Pheely," she said, falling on her knees, and catching the skirt of her dress, "do, do go to Miss Marie for me; do plead for me.

Italian hand, to the master of a whipping-establishment, to give the bearer fifteen lashes. "What have you been doing?" said Miss

bad temper; it's very bad of me. I was trying on Miss Marie's dress, and she slapped my

you was to do it; but to be sent to a man ! and cles of friends, where mirth and wine mus

of Musting

Miss Ophelia well knew that it was the universal custom to send women and young girls to whipping-houses, to the hands of the lowest of men-men brutal enough to make this their profession-there to be subjected to brutal exposure and shameful correction. She had known it before, but hitherto she had never realized it, till she saw the slender form of Rosa almost convulsed with distress. All the honest blood of womanhood, the strong New England blood of liberty flushed to her cheeks, and throbbed bitterly in her indignant heart; but, with habitual prudence and self-control, she mastered herself, and, crushing the paper firmly in her hand, she merely said to Ross Sit down, child, while I go to your mis-

"Shameful! monstrous! outrageous!" she said to herself, as she was crossing the parlor. TO BE CONTINUED.

For the National Era.

MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY. CHAPTER IV .- The Hill Side.

It was one of the very brightest and breezi est of summer mornings that the Doctor and myself walked homeward from the town poor-

use, where he had always one or more patients, and where his coming was always welcomed by the poor, diseased, and age-stricken nmates. Dark, miserable faces of lonely and unreverenced age, written over with the grim friend, simply, that his calamity is without records of sorrow and sin, seemed to brighten at his approach as with an inward light, as if the good man's presence had power to call the that although his lyre may be more sweet than better natures of the poor unfortunates into that of Orpheus, he cannot re-animate the temporary ascendency. Weary, fretful wo-shadow of his friend, nor persuade the ghost-

Isabel of Hungary binding up the ulcered

imbs of the beggars. The moral beauty

transcended the loathsomeness of physical evil

Our nearest route home lay across the pas-

ures and over Blueberry hill, just at the foot

of which we encountered Elder Staples and

Skipper Evans, who had been driving their

cows to pasture, and were now leisurely stroll-

ing back to the village. We toiled together

up the hill in the hot sunshine, and, just on its

the bottom of which a clear spring of water

bubbled up and fed a small rivulet, whose

track of darker green might be traced far down

spring, enshrined with mosses, afforded us

comfortable resting-place. Parson Staples in

his faded black coat and white neckeloth

leaned his quiet, contemplative head on his

silver-mounted cane; right opposite him sat

the Doctor, with his sturdy, rotund figure, and

broad, seamed face, surmounted by a coarse

stubble of iron-gray hair, the sharp and almost

severe expression of his keen gray eyes flashing

under their dark pent-house, happily relieved

by the softer lines of his mouth, indicative of

his really genial and generous nature. A

small, sinewy figure, half doubled up, with his

chin resting on his rough palms, Skipper

Evans sat on a lower projection of the rock

just beneath him, in an attentive attitude, as

at the feet of Gamaliel. Dark and dry as one

of his own dun-fish on a Labrador flake, or a

seal skin in an Esquimaux hut, he seemed en-

tirely exempt from one of the great trinity of

temptations, and, granting him a safe deliver-

ance from the World and the Devil, he had

We were now in the Doctor's favorite place

of resort, green, cool, quiet, and sightly withal.

The keen light revealed every object in the

cosy valley below us, the fresh west wind flut-

tered the oak leaves above, and the low voice

of the water, coaxing or scolding its way over

"Doctor," said I, "this spring, with the oak

hanging over it, is, I suppose, your fountain of

Bandusia. You remember what Horace says

of his spring, which yielded such cool refresh-

ment when the dog-star had set the day on

fire. What a fine picture he gives us of this

The Doctor's eve kindled. " I'm glad to se

you like Horace; not merely as a clever sati-

rist and writer of amatory odes, but as a true

lover of Nature. How pleasant are his simple

and beautiful descriptions of his yellow flow

ing Tiber, the herds and herdsmen, the har-

vesters, the grape vintage, the varied aspects of

his Sabine retreat in the fierce summer heats

or when the snowy forehead of Soracte pur-

pled in winter sunsets. Scattered through his

odes and the occasional poems which he ad-

dresses to his city friends, you find these grace-

ful and inimitable touches of rural beauty, each

"It is long since I have looked at my old

school-day companions, the classics," said

Elder Staples; but I remember Horace only as

a light, witty, careless Epicurean, famous for

his lyries in praise of Falernian wine and ques-

"Somewhat too much of that, doubtless,

said the Doctor; "but to me Horace is serious

and profoundly suggestive, nevertheless. Had

I laid him aside on quitting college, as you did.

should perhaps have only remembered such

of his Epicurean lyrics as recommended them

selves to the warm fancy of boyhood. Ah!

Elder Staples, there was a time when the

Lyces and Glyceras of the poet were no fiction

ous. They played blind man's buff with us

n the farmer's kitchen, sang with us in the

neeting-house, and romped and laughed with

us at huskings and quilting-parties. Grand-

mothers and sober spinsters as they now are,

"Too true," replied the Elder, the smile

which had just played over his pale face

fading into something sadder than its habitual

melancholy. "The living companions of our

youth, whom we daily meet, are more strange to us than the dead in yonder graveyard.

They alone remain unchanged!

charming feature of his little farm !"

bare roots or mossy stones, was just audible.

very little to fear from the Flesh.

the hill to the meadow at its foot,

A broad shelf of rock by the side

and deformity.

.... of the industry of kind salutations, and the ever-patient good nathe same despairing tone. In the Ode to Torture with which he listened to their reiterated complaints of real or imaginary suffering ing of all he has written-he sets before his However it might be with others, he never forfriend, in melancholy contrast, the return of got the man or the woman in the pauper the seasons, and of the moon renewed in bright-There was nothing like condescension ess, with the end of man, who sinks into the endless dark, leaving nothing saye ashes and ciousness in his charitable ministrations, for he was one of the few men I have ever known shadows. He then, in the true spirit of his in whom the milk of human kindness was philosophy, urges Torquatus to give his present never soured by contempt for humanity in hour and wealth to pleasures and delights, as whatever form it presented itself. Thus it was he had no assurance of to-morrow." that his faithful performance of the duties of "In something of the same strain," said I, his profession, however repulsive and disagree-Maschus moralizes on the death of Bion able, had the effect of Murillo's picture of St

Our trees and plants revive; the rose In annual youth of beauty glows, But when the pride of nature dies, Man, who alone is great and wise. No more he rises into light. The wakeless slooper of eternal night."

It reminds me," said Elder Staples, "of the sad burden of Ecclesiastes, the mournfullest book of Scripture; because, while the preacher dwells with earnestness upon the vanity and uncertainty of the things of time and sense he has no apparent hope of immortality to relieve the dark picture. Like Horace, he sees noth seems to me the wise man might have gone farther in his enumeration of the folly and emptiness of life, and pronounced his own prescription for the evil, vanity also. What is it but plucking flowers on the banks of the stream which hurries us over the cataract or feasting on the thin crust of a volcano, upon delicate meats prepared over the fires which are soon to engulf us? Oh! what a glori as contrast to this is the Gospel of Him who brought to light life and immortality. The transition from the Koheleth to the Epistle of Paul is like passing from a cavern, where the artificial light falls indeed upon gems and erystals, but is everywhere circumscribel and overshadowed by unknown and unexplored darkness, into the warm light and free atmos

phere of day." "Yet," I asked, "are there not times when we all wish for some clearer evidence of immortal life than has been afforded us, when we even turn away unsatisfied from the pages of the Holy Book, with all the mysterious prob lems of life pressing about us and clamoring for solution, till, perplexed and darkened, we look up to the still heavens, as if we sought thence an answer visible or audible to their questionings? We want something beyond the bare announcement of the momentous fact of a future life; we long for a miracle to confirm our weak faith, and silence forever the doubts

"And what would a miracle avail us at such times of darkness and strong temptation ?" said the Elder. "Have we not been told that they whom Moses and the Prophets have failed convince, would not believe, although one rose from the dead! That God has revealed no nore to us, is to my mind evidence that he has revealed enough."

"May it not be," queried the Doctor, "that Infinite Wisdom sees that a clearer and fuller revelation of the Future Life would render us ess willing or able to perform our appropriate duties in the present condition? Enchanted by a clear view of the Heavenly Hills, and of our loved ones beckoning us from the pearl gates of the City of God, could we patiently work out our life-task here, or make the necessary exertions to provide for the wants of the odies, whose encumbrance alone can prevent

us from rising to a higher place of existence?" "I reekon," said the Skipper, who had been an attentive, although at times evidently a puzzled listener, "that it would be with us pretty much as it was with a crew of French sailors that I once shipped at the Isle of France, for the port of Marseilles. I never had better hands until we hove in sight of their native country. which they hadn't seen for years. The first look of the land set 'em all crazy; they danced, laughed, shouted, put on their best clothes, and I had to get new hands to help me bring the

vessel to her moorings." "Your story is quite to the point, Skipper! mid the Doctor. "If things had been ordered differently, we should all, I fear, be disposed to quit work and fall into tantrums like your French sailors, and so fail of bringing the world fairly into port."

"God's ways are best." said the Elder: and don't see as we can do better than to submit with reverence to the very small part of them which he has made known to us, and to trust him like loving and dutiful children for the

A physician, passing by a grave-stone maker'; shop, called out, "Good morning, neighbors hard at work, I see. You finish your grave-stones as far as 'in memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next." "Why, yes," replied the old joker, "unless sombody is sick, and you are doctoring 'em, then I have right on." then I keep right on."

"Speaking of Horace," continued the Doc-tor, in a voice slightly husky with feeling, "he \$56,235,000 since 1846. So much for the cost